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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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SLANDER.

As when the asp in deadly coil lies wait
With deep envenomed and malicious sting,
So Slander, charged with malice and with hate,
In gall and bitterness lies festering.

Anon his forked tongue the viper plies,
And reputation falls beneath his art;
The fairest fame, drenched with his venom, dies—
His sting left rankling in the victim's heart.

Disgrace to manhood! Can thy turbid soul
No bolder wickedness than this devise,
The page of blackened falsehood to unrol,
And blast thy fellow with a siege of lies!

Away, ignoble! hide thy guilty face
Where reptiles, frightened by the sun and air,
Crawl cowering to some dark and noisome place,
To knot and spit their venom there.

Herd not with Man in God's own image made,
Come not where Beauty holds her peaceful reign;
But seek alone the ivy's poisonous shade,
Or range with wolves the desert's savage plain.

Lashed from thy race, the butt of human scorn,
Spurned and deserted ever by thy kind,
Oh mayst thou curse the hour that thou wast born,
And vainly seek the death thou canst not find.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September;
And though I was a youngster then,
That day I well remember;—
I saw the storm coiled up in clouds—
It slumbered like a viper;
But when the lightnings woke it up,
My eye! it was a wiper.

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

O! how the ponds and rivers boiled:
They seemed like bursting craters;
And oaks lay scattered on the ground,
As if they were potatoes;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter;
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came rattling through the lines,
And set them all a-flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The very deuce was in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches;
"Farewell, farewell!" I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O, my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams;
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads;
The winds had whistled through them;
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their hinder parts,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But these young pantaloons have gone,
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

MEXICO.

The U. S. vessels of war Grampus and Erie arrived at the Balize on Sunday last, from the Mexican coast, having on board for merchants of this city, $224,270 in silver. No recent movements of any importance in Mexico are reported. As might be expected, the government is sending reinforcements to Vera Cruz. Large bodies of troops are marching from the interior to that point, in anticipation of an assault from the French fleet. In the Mexican army at Morelia, there had been a disturbance among the soldiers, but by the last accounts the mutiny had been suppressed. An extraordinary loan had been decreed by the Mexican Congress for the purpose of meeting the expense of defending the coast. The blockading squadron before Vera Cruz consists of two frigates and several smaller vessels. From this fact it appears that the expected reinforcment had not arrived from France. So soon as this addition is made to the strength of the fleet it is confidently anticipated that an attempt will be made upon Vera Cruz. This conjecture recieves confirmation from the fact that the blockading vessels had been withdrawn from before Matamoras and Tampico, and were concentrating on Vera Cruz.

N. O. Commercial Bulletin.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

On "The Importance of Letters in the Mississippi Valley"—delivered before the Belles Letters Society, at the Anniversary Commencement in Oakland College, April 5, 1838. By Rev. S. V. B. MARSHALL, *Professor of Languages.*

We pride ourselves on our free institutions. We talk of liberty and its blessings as they are found in the United States.—And a stranger knowing nothing of the United States except from its citizens and hearing us talk of the blessings and advantages of our happy land, would be led to suppose that the golden age of fancy and the poets had returned to the world, and that America had the honor to have ushered it in. So proud do we feel of our liberty and our free institutions, and so much and so benevolently do we sigh for their introduction among the other nations of the earth. What a land of kindness and philanthropy is this land of freedom! A very nursery of poets and orators filled with fancy; all of whose sons says pretty things about liberty and talk eloquently and weep and sigh over the desolations of all countries but their own.

Now far be it from me to depreciate the value of American liberty and our free institutions. I could not so far desecrate the blood of the Revolution spilt so freely by thousands who then acted and now sleep with the immortal Washington. The genius of our government and institutions is unparalleled by any other on earth. In their theory, and in the elements of grandeur which they contain, there is nothing among men that bears comparison with them. But they, after all, are but the means to an end yet to be accomplished. They are the foundations on which are to be reared the monuments of grandeur and of blessings. What is liberty, long and much boasted, exalted, American liberty nothing but a change of governmental forms or of government itself? The reduction of the primary elements of society to something like an equality, making power and station eligible and accessible to all? Or even if you please the definition and security of certain rights of property and person?—These indeed are invaluable blessings. But is this all that *we* mean by *liberty!* Then indeed would we be little better off than the native tribes of these once unbroken forests, whom we so often denounce as a disgrace to human nature; yet more criminal than they, because we have enjoyed higher advantages, with knowledge how to use them, while we have trampled them under our feet and neglected them. If we would carry out the incipient designs which impelled our fathers to the achievements of the Revolution, we must build upon the foundations which they have laid.

This we seem indeed to be doing in every respect but in the the most important.—And, while we rejoice to know that this has not been altogether neglected, and even perhaps while it has been attended to, to a degree beyond that of any other country of equal age whether ancient or modern, yet we are constrained to confess and regret that it has not received an equal share of attention with the other departments, and especially has it not received any thing like that amount and proportion of attention that is due to its importance.

Who will affirm that there has been among the citizens of our country generally, as much anxiety and as much exertion to cultivate their minds as to get rich? And who will affirm that the education of the country has received the one hundredth part of the attention and legislation that almost any other of her interests has received? Had it been so, then indeed might we boast of our liberty, and of the excellence of our free principles and institutions; and we could point to the cultivated mind and the literary institutions of our country; to the intelligence and virtue, and the blessings which always accompany them, diffused throughout the land as the abiding and indisputable proofs of the propriety of our boasting. How, moreover, without these, can we recommend our forms of government to the acceptance and adoption of other countries? When we talk eloquently of *our* liberty, and sigh over *their* degradation, will they not call for the proofs of our superiority, and smile and laugh at us when we fail to produce them? And then pointing to their univesities and other monuments of mental superiority, will they not triumph over us and mock us with our shame. Would they not tell us as we might justly tell some of our foreign would-be-wise abolitionists, that we would show both our modesty and good sense much more, by minding our own business and not meddling with that of others, until at least we should become better acquainted with it? Will you tell them of our wealth? The power of wealth dies away in its own immediate vicinity, unless it be employed in the construction and endownment of some valuable institution that shall stand as a lasting monument of benefit to mankind. Then indeed it retains and increases its influence and transmits the name and fame of its owner down to posterity. Thus the name of Morrison will stand in connection with Transylvania University, at once a monument of his own honor and of a State's disgrace, unless the State shall wipe off the stigma from her escutcheon by her future legislation on the subject of letters, when the name of many a nabob, who had thrice his wealth and many have lived and flourished or rather vegetated long after him, shall have perished from the memory of man, or shall be remembered only as an example of the folly and mean-spiritedness of him who wore it. But the fame of genius and the light of science and knowledge and virtue, and the civilization and the humanity and the gentleness and the happiness which they bring along with them; these travel to the ends of the earth, wherever there is an eye of intelligence to behold, or a human heart to admire them. Tell those nations whom you wish to adopt your institutions, of these, and then if you choose you may add in your railroads, and your turnpikes and your internal navigation, and the fertility of your soils and your minerals and all your other wealth and the facilities of acquiring it, and they will listen to you gravely and with respect. And oh! my country, how easily thou mightest do it, and how happy and honored would'st be if thou would'st do it! But I fear the spirit of seventy-six that began our glory has gone to the tomb with the fathers of the Revolution; and another inferior spirit waving also with the years that are rolling by, has succeeded it, that will tamely submit to let the work lie unfinished that was so gloriously began, and scarcely approximating to its completion. But you will tell me that there are no more battles to be fought; show us the battle ground; sound the tocsin of alarm at the invasion of our liberties and the patriotic blood of seventy-six will be found coursing in our veins.

Aye, it is true, there are no battles to be fought by those which must be waged against ignorance and vice, against anarchy and misrule. The tocsin of alarm is sounded and the cry is, to the rescue, not of bodies from the British yoke, but of minds and of hearts and of a land, shaded in ignorance and vice dyed with crime. Is there no mind to be recovered and educated? No virtue to be created and protected? No useful energies to be inspired? No amiable accomplishments to impart to the community? Shall the sons of the valley alone disgrace their country when they come into the halls of legislation or fill the higher stations of their country? Like one high in office in a neighboring State whose pen is sufficient to disgrace a school boy. Shall they alone be excluded from the diplomatic corps from a want of the intellectual and literary qualifications that shall enable them to compete with the representatives of foreign nations? Or shall we be obliged to transport from beyond the mountains and from foreign countries our Presidents and Professors in colleges, our civil officers, our statesmen and our leading politicians?—And of all countries in Christendom, shall the sons of the valley alone be excluded from all honorable rank with the illustrious contributors to the cause of science? Shall talent, at once as vigorous, as active and as susceptible of accomplishment as any the sun ever shone upon, be compelled through neglect to seal its own disgrace? It cannot, it must not, it will not be. This valley will yet arise; she will do her duty, she will rear high the columns of her intelligence and virtue, and will tell to mankind, that though the youngest of the inhabited portions of the earth, yet is she fortune's favorite child, and she will justify by her exalted deeds, her rich and unparalleled endowments from nature. Those very heavens, on which the world depends for all its good, and which have reserved their choicest gifts for this noble valley, shall yet see her stretching up her hands to the native home of her blessings, and reaching forward after that perfection in intelligence and virtue that forms the glory of the skies. And should it ever come to pass that the genius and literary culture of ancient Greece and Rome should reappear in this valley, softened, beautified and made lovely by the rich excellence of christian virtue and christian sentiment, who will not then rejoice that his lot was cast and that the time of that portion of his everlasting history which is formed on earth, was passed in this astonishing country?

3. The cultivation of letters in the valley of the Mississippi is important as a means of preseving, perfecting and perpetuating our republican and free institutions among ourselves.

A principle so much discussed and so obvious to every reflecting mind, requires but little from me on the present occasion.

It is our pride and boast that our government is peculiar. To obtain for it this peculiarity might not indeed have been the chief object in the first exertions of the colonies which tended to and brought on the Revolution. But that it did soon become the prominent object is clear from history. And one is at a loss to determine which is most astonishing, the singularity of the plan and the suddenness of its invitation, being without a model in history; or the boldness that led to its adoption and execution as a mere experiment. Both indeed seem rather to have sprung from the inspiration of the father of lights than from the legitimate action of the purest and most exalted human reason.

Not an office, nor a law, nor an institution exists that does not rest, more or less, upon the will of the people; and every male citizen has a vote on its creation or repeal!—And not an officer is called to any department of the government, from the highest to the lowest, that does not come there by the voice of the people. So entirely, moreover, is every thing, whether in the form of the government itself, or the enactments under it, under the control of the people, that nothing in either, that is offensive to them, can long exist against their consent. And if there be any thing omitted, in government or legislation, which in their estimation would increase their dignity or bliss, they have only to will it, and it shall be done.—This is beautiful in theory and forms the *beau ideal* of human government; because it gives to every man a choice in relation to the laws by which he shall be governed, and makes every cession of individual rights, for the general good, a matter of compromise between the citizens themselves. Beautiful however as it is, and while no freeborn American citizen would have it otherwise, in theory at least, yet who does not see the immense amount of responsibility devolved thereby upon every voting citizen of the United States? Our destinies, and the destinies of all our institutions may be strictly said to be, under God in our own hands.—And who shall say that the united principles of intelligence and virtue are not necessary to their proper control? The colossal statue of our practical forms may be shifted from its original basis before we are aware. Like some vast pyramid of material construction, leaning to its fall. But unlike all great masses of matter whose final downfall is usually sudden and with a startling crash, we may, through our own ignorance and negligence, and the aspiring ambition of unprincipled demagogues, glide so gradually and imperceptibly through all the forms and changes, from pure republicanism to absolute despotism, as to be the degraded and wretched slaves of a relentless tyrant, while yet with banners waving, and with drum and cannon roaring, we may be thundering forth the praises and applauses of that hallowed liberty, whose seeds were planted and nurtured in the blood of the glorious Revolution. And this is what every monarch under heaven, who is acquainted with our present condition and past history, is confidently expecting and anxiously wishing and hoping; and every devotee and admirer of monarchical forms is perpetually goading and taunting us with. And this is what every pure American statesman has been and is now trembling for. And this is that at the apprehension of which every patriotic heart on earth, in its reflections on the subject, bleeds at every pore. And if there be any thing that could disturb the calm repose and the rational felicity of the departed spirits of the Revolution it would be the announcement in their ears of such intelligence as this.

But again—it is not enough that we even retain and transmit our political and social institutions to posterity as perfect as we have received them. While this indeed is our duty, it is not however the whole of our duty. Every science is progressive, and of course the knowledge of it is imperfect at any particular stage of its developement, in the minds of men. And if, according to the suggestion of an accomplished and philosophic writer, each element in a particular science may hereafter become, by the more profound investigations of future genius, itself a separate and independent science, and may therefore bring corresponding advantages to the human race; so also the science of government, and the political institutions of men, may be susceptible of modification and improvement progressively and indefinitely.

Will any man suppose for a moment, that the government and institutions of the United States are perfect? If so, then what means those violent and jarring controversies about Tariff and Anti-Tariff, States' Rights and Nullification, which have but so recently threatened the Union with dissolution? And what mean those violent agitations on the subject of abolitionism, and the wild ravings of a lawless mobocracy, which even now threaten the integrity of the Union and render life and limb and property in some parts of our country almost as insecure as amidst a horde of pirates or a mountain banditti and shall yet, and it is to be feared speedily, accomplish our downfall as a Republic, unless the conservative principles of intelligence and virtue shall be speedily and more extensively diffused among the people generally?

It would be strange indeed if every valuable element of every other science must be brought to light after long continued, patient and painful enquiry and application; and that the science of government, the most complex and difficult of all the sciences, having wandered about and passed through every form and fashion of tyranny and oppression for six thousand years, should finally sicken and be disgusted at its own love of dominion, and all upon a sudden, in the wilds of America and amidst a handful of people, throw off its robes of state and spring into the humble form of a perfect Republicanism, where the people govern themselves. It would require, we deem, more than the power of Alladin's Lamp, or Gyges' Magical Ring to work a change like this. But it is a dream, an idle Utopian dream. Our government, its laws and institutions are still imperfect. And if we have a virtuous, enlightened, patriotic, and active minded people, who shall narrowly watch the operations of all the principles in every department of the great social compact, these errors will be detected, and of course, will be the subjects of correction. And this, together with the implied preservation of our Liberties, is the great political use of general Education. This, as well posterity, as the spirits of our Fathers, who, under God, achieved our Liberties, will naturally look for and expect at our hands.

Be it remembered, moreover, that if the destinies of the American people are not now, they nevertheless, soon will be under the control of the citizens of the valley. A few more years will put every National measure at the disposal of the united votes of the States on the waters of the Mississippi. After the census of 1850, nothing but the spirit of accommodation and the sacred associations connected with the name of the Father of his country, and the birth place of Liberty, will prevent the national capitol from raising its splendid and beautiful domes on some expanded green in this magnificent valley. Soon, if we shall only will it, shall the national edicts of the greatest people on earth go forth from a land which but a short time since was held under the dominion of an unbroken forest, and the peals of the national orators of the most eloquent people in the world shall thrill upon the bosom of an atmosphere where as yet the savage yell is but dying away. And the question is, with what sort of a population shall the capitol be surrounded? And in the hands of what sort of a people shall be the destinies of this great nation? In our own very midst shall our rights be disregarded, and our interests be compromised away, under the action of the superior intelligence of the representation from a more enlightened people east of the mountains? And shall we be compelled to submit to see the brightest and most enviable stations on earth filled at our very doors by the sons of distant States for want of suitable qualifications in the sons of the valley to dignify and grace the public offices? Forbid it my country! Spirit of Ancient Liberty, forbid it! Forbid it, every property of a generous ambition! Forbid it, Heaven!

From the Morristown Jerseyman.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 17th of August, 1782; the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air. Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence, in which they acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, and brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom; again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring voice, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to Morgan's back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprized of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down, gave signs of returning life and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, tried to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired, and brought him down—reloaded his gun and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened as his fears increased, and the most agonized apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cane-brake he beheld his house in flames and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed as he pressed one hand to his forehead and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest of motives.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors and the surviving whites returned across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last who crossed the river; and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians re-appear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged on his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handerchief that bound the head of the savage, which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugging him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him, was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large, ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his face and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes, steps approached, a cold child ran over him.—Imagination—creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible death awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarce audible voice, exclaimed—"My husband!—my husband," and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house, they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse, with a saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons who had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and, if on the field and living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.